05/08/2020 the murder



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the murder











Chapter 1 by Gyro

My neighbor a friendly tour guide last night, was murdered.

Chapter 2 by Kati Bacharowski



I went to her house for our evening tea. The usual time to hear about her day. Yes i have been in love with her for years now. I could never tell her how I felt but i am sure she always knew.

I took it upon myself to be her care taker, watch her dog and keep watch over her. She seemed to be a orphan of sorts. I never saw any family around. She never seemed to have many callers. I wondered many times if i was the only person she called friend even if only by default that we were neighbors.

She had a million dollar personality, but behind her eyes always seemed to be a lingering sadness. She would never talk of her past, where she had been or where she was going.

When I arrived for tea i saw her laying on the couch, this was not that unusual except for the crimson stain that had leached from her body down to the white carpet.

I didn't touch her body. I wanted to preserve the crime scene. I called the local police and waited for them on her porch.

As I stood there watching the sun softly set I thought I heard rustling in the nearby woods. I turned my head and saw the shadow of what I thought to be a man running away.

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He told me I could leave now and he would be in contact soon. I walked slowly back down the dirt lane to my home. I thought i was the same shadow lurking in the woods. Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8 1 You need to login before writing - click here Continue the story ☐ Flag as mature receive feedback Write a comment... About | Rooms | Feedback | F

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